



*The Olde, Old, very Olde Man or Thomas Parr, the
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In the County of Shropshire who was Borne in 1483 in
The Raigne of King Edward the 4th and is now living in
The Strand, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monethes 1635
He dyed November the 15th And is now buryed in Westminster.*



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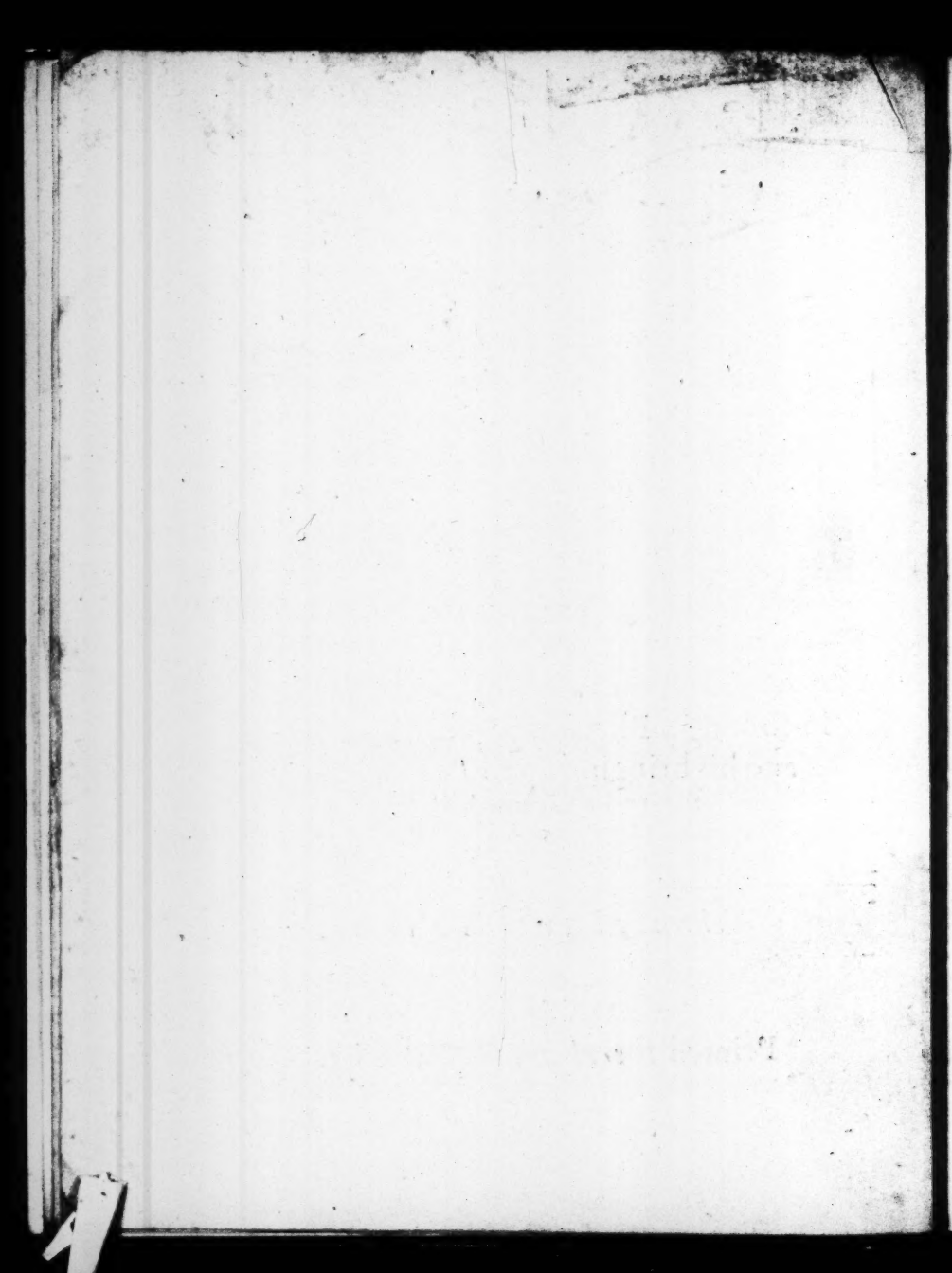
OR

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*,
The Sonne of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the
Parish of *Alberbury* ; in the County of
Salopp, (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in
the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th. and
is now living in the *Strand*, being
aged 152. yeares and odd
Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation
in so long a Pilgrimage ; his Marriages,
and his bringing up to *London* about
the end of *September* last.
1 6 3 5.


Written by I O H N T A Y L O R.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Goffon*. 1635.





TO
THE HIGH AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE,
CHARLES, By the Grace of God,
King of great Britaine, France and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

 *F Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifest,
You have the old'st, the greatest, & the least:
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can;
One, for his extraordinary stature,
Guards well your gates, & by instinct of Nature
(As hee is strong) is Loyall, True, and Just,
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.
The other's small and well composed feature
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:*

*Hee may be great in spirit, though small in sight,
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.*

*The Old'st, your Subject is ; but for my use,
I make him here, the Subject of my Muse :
And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,
And kisse your Royall Hand ; I humbly crave,
His Lives Discription may Acceptance have.
And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems ; Pray reade this one more.*

Your Majesties

most

Humble Subject

and

Servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.



THE OCCASION OF
this Old Man's being brought
out of Shropshire to LONDON.



S it is impossible for the Sun
to be without light, or fire
to have no heate; so is it un-
deniable that true Honour is
as inseparably addicted to Vertue, as the
Steele to the Load-stone; and without
great violence neither the one or the
other can be sundred. Which manifestly
appeares, in the conveying out of the
Countrey, of this poore ancient Man
(Monument I may say, and almost Mi-
racle of Nature.) For the Right Honora-
ble, *Thomas Earle of Arundell and Surrey,*
Earle Marshall of England, &c. being
lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands
and Maners which his Lordship holds

in

The very Old Man : or

in that County, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, hee tooke him into his charitable tuition and protection; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easie carriage of a man so enfeebled and worne with Age) to be provided for him; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucy*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her owne riding with him; And (to cheere up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foale*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also, a Horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the Countrey to *London*, by easie Iourneyes; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours owne Servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horleback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expences; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

Winnington is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, neere a place called the *Welsh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence hee was carried to *Wim*, a Towne of the Earles aforesaid; and the next day to *Shesnall*, (a Mannour House of his Lordships) where they likewise staid one night; from *Shesnall* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*, from thence to *Coventry*; and although Master *Kelley* had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him in all places where hee came, yet at *Coventry* hee was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the Olde Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have bin stifled;

*Wim, whether Wern
or Wern, is little*

The very Old Man: or

led; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt hee should bring his Charge no further; (so greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they past to *Darenty*, to *Stony Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accomodated with all things, having all the aforesaid Attendants, at the sole Charge and Cost of his Lordship.

*One Remarkable Passage of the Old Mans
Pollicie must not bee omitted or forgotten, which is thus.*

His three Leases of 63. yeares being expired, hee tooke his last Lease of his Landlord (one Master *John Porter*) for his Life, with which Lease, hee hath lived more then 50. yeares (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wives sake) renew his Lease for yeares, which his Landlord
would

The Life of Thomas Parr.

would not consent unto ; wherefore old Parr, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chaire by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master Edward Porter, the Son of his Landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying, Husband, our young Land-lord is comming hither : Is he so, said old Parr ; I prethee wife lay a Pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe; which, she did; and when yong Master Porter (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lyes at my foot ? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a Pin indeed, so she tooke up the Pin, and Master Porter was halfe in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight againe ; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, therby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because hee hop'd to have his Lease renew'd for his wives sake, as aforesaid.

The very Old Man: &c.

Hee hath had two Children by his first wife , a Son and a Daughter, the Boyes name was *Iohn*, and lived but ten weekes; the Girl was named *Joan*, and shee lived but three weekes. So that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living neere there, three times over.

The



The very Old Man:

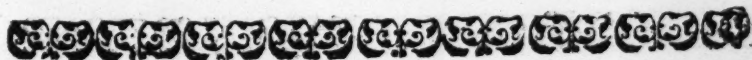
O R,

The Life of *Thomas Parr*.

AN Old man's twice a child (the proverb saies)
And many old men nere saw halfe his daies
Of whom I write; for he at first had life;
When *Yorke* and *Lancasters* Domestique strife
In her owne blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Vntill sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.
When as fourth *Edwards* Raigne to end drew nigh,
John Parr (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was Hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.

B 3

And



The very Old Man : or

And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,
Was Plough, and Cart, Sithe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flayle, Rake, Fork, & Goad,
And Whip, and how to Load, and to Vnload;
Old *Tom* hath shew'd himselfe the Son of *Iohn*,
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.

A Digression.

YET I have read of as meane Pedigrees,
That have attain'd to Noble dignities :
Agathocles, a Potters Son, and yet
The Kingdome of *Sicilia* hee did get.
Great *Tamberlaine*, a Scythian Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did surpasse.
First *Ptolomey* (the King of *Aegypts* Land)
A poore mans Son of *Alexanders* Band.
Dioclesian, Emperour, was a Scriveners Son,
And *Proba* from a Gard'ner th' Empire won.
Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan
The Empire; So did *Valentinian*,
Who was the off-spring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.

And



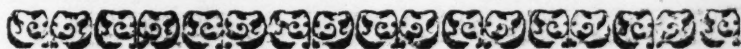
The Life of Thomas Parr.

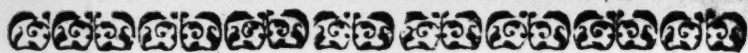
And if I on the truth doe rightly glance,
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of *France*.
 By this I have digrest, I have exprest
 Promotion comes not from the East or West.

To the Matter.

SO much for that, now to my Theame againe :
 This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th'expired Raigne
 Of ten great Kings and Queenes, th'eleventh now
 The Scepter, (blest by th'ancient of all days.) (sways
 Hee hath surviv'd the *Edwards*, fourth and fift;
 And the third *Richard*, who made many a shift
 To place the Crowne on his Ambitious head;
 The seventh & eighth brave *Henries* both are dead,
 Sixt *Edward*, *Mary*, *Phillip*, *Elisabeth*,
 And blest remembred *James*, all these by death
 Have changed life, and almost 'leven yeares since
 The happy raigne of *Charles* our gracious Prince,
Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appears
 Nine Monthes, one hundred fift, and two yeares.
 Amongst the Learn'd, 'tis held in generall
 That every seventh yeare's Climactericall,

And

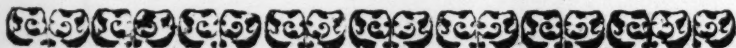




The very Old Man : or

And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be
Most perillous, at th'Age of sixty three,
Which is, nine Climactericals ; but this Man
Of whom I write, (since first his life began)
Hath liv'd of Climactericals such plenty,
That he hath almost out-liv'd two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Shropshire* late, Relations doth relate,
That Hee liv'd 17 yeares with *Iohn* his Father,
And 18 with a Master, which I gather
To be full thirty five ; his Sires decease
Left him foure yeares Possession of a Lease ;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then
For twenty one yeares grant his Lease agen :
That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lew's* call'd *Iohn*,
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *Iohn* (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty yeares, sold one Lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from *Iohn, Hugh's* Son,
A Lease for's life these fifty yeares, out-run :
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth againe
Returne, the last Lease must his owne remaine.

Thus



The Life of Thomas Parr.

Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

His Marriage.

A Tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried,
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:
His Continenence, to question I'll not call,
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore yeares might find
In *Salop's* Countie, females faire and kind:
But what have I to doe with that; let passe,
At th'age aforesaid hee first married was
To *Iane*, *John Taylors* Daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her) was a Mayd;
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two;
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower stay;
Then once more ventred in the Wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife *Iane*,
Hee tooke another of that name againe;
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Allday*)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillsh's* Parish, in *Monmouth-shire*,
The Daughter of *John Lloyds* (corruptly *Flood*)

The very Old Man : or
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.

Digression.

BVt hold, I had forgot, in's first wives Time,
Hee frayly, fouly, fell into a Crime,
Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have false into.

The *Cytherean*, or the *Papbean* game,
That thundring *Jupiter* did oft inflame;
Most cruell cut-throat *Mars* layd by his Armes,
And was a slave to Loves Inchanting charmes,
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,
The common road of lustfull love hath trod:
For from the Emp'rour to the russet Clowne,
All states, each sex, from Cottage to the Crowne,
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,
Bin soyled, & overthrown with Loves temptation:
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy
A Beauty, and Love entred at his eye,
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,
But when the period of those joyes were past,
Those sweet delights were sourely sauc'd at last.
The flesh retaines, what in the Bone is bred,
And

The Life of Thomas Parr.

And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head,
It may be he was guld as some have bin,
And suffred punishment for others sinne;
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,
Or (like a painted harlot) seemes most faire;
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beast so foule a shape can have.
Faire Katherin Milton, was this Beauty bright,
(*Faire like an Angell*, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for *Lawes* satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did weare.
Should All that so offend, such Pennance doe,
Oh, what a price would Linnen rise unto,
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts & smocks
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly scape trans-forming, but all's one,
He suffred, and his Punishment is done.

Another Passage more of his Life.

BUt to proceed, more serious in Relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,

The very Old Man: or

Hee's in these times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity*;
For his Longevity's of such extent,
That hee's a living mortall Monument.
And as high Towres, (that seeme the sky to shoul.
By eating Time, consume away, and molder, (der)
Vntill at last in piece meale they doe fall;
Till they are buried in their Ruines All:
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,
His sinewes shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet still his spirits possesse his mortall Trunk;
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk,
But that his Hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'l feed well; sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speake heartily, laugh, and be merry;
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry;
Loves Company, and Vnderstanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinckles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,
Well fac'd, and though his Beard not oft corrected
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected.

From

The Life of Thomas Parr.

From head to heele, his body hath all over,
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'rall hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weake Invention can)
I have Anatomiz'd this poore Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.
And if our studies would but daign to look,
And seriously to ponder Natures Booke,
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,
By ryot and excesse doth murder Nature.
This man nere fed on deare compounded dishes,
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,
The earth, and ayre, the boundlesse Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forrag'd for this Man;
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost) ~~send~~
Send purging Physick through his guts in post:
In all his life time he was never knowne,
That drinking others healths, he lost his owne;
The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spanish Grape,
Vpon his reason never made a Rape;
For *Ryot*, is for *Troy* an Annagram;
And *Ryot* wasted *Troy*, with sword and flame:
And surely that which will a Kingdome spill,
Hath much more power on a silly man to kill,

C.

Whilst

The very Old Man : or

Whilst sensuality the Pallat pleases,
The body's fill'd with surfets, and diseases;
By Ryot (more than War) men slaughtred be,
From which confusion this Old Man is free.
He once was catch'd in the Venerall Sin,
And (being punish'd) did experience win,
That carefull feare his Conscience so did strike,
He never would againe attempt the like.
Which to our understandings may expresse
Mens dayes are shortned through lasciviousnesse,
And that a competent contenting Dyet
Makes men live long, and soundly sleepe in quiet.
Mistake me not, I speake not to debar
Good fare of all sorts; for all Creatures are
Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
For hee that dares to scandall or deprave
Good house-keeping; Oh hang up such a Knave,
Rather commend (what is not to be found)
Then injure that w^{ch} makes the world renownd.
Bounty hath got a spice of *Lethargie*,
And liberall noble *Hospitality*
Lyes in consumption, almost pin'd to death,
And *Charity* benum'd, neere out of Breath.

May

The Life of Thomas Parr.

May *Englands* sex good hous-keepers be blest
With endlesse Glory, and eternall Rest;
And may their Goods, Lands, and their hapy Seed
With heav'ns best Blessings multiply and breed.
'Tis madnesse to build heigh with stone and lime,
Great houses, that may seeme the Clouds to clime,
With spacious Halls, large Galleries, brave roomes
Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes;
Amongst which rooms, the devill hath put a Witch
And made a small *Tobacco* box the Kitchen; (in
For Covetousnesse the Mint of Mischiefes,
And *Christian Bounny* the High-way to Blisse.
To weare a *Farm* in shoo-strings, edged with gold,
And spangled Garters worth a *Coppy* hold;
A hose and dublet, which a Lordship cost,
A gawdy cloake (three Manours price almost)
A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churchestye the the poor mans bread)
For which the Wearers are feared, and abhorr'd
Like *Ieroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.

This double, the bloaged man, I woe,
Knowes and remembers when these things were
Good wholesome labour was his exercise, (not;
Down wth the Lamb, & with the Lark would rise,

In

The very Old Man : or

In myre and royling sweate hee spent the day,
And (to his Teamie) he whistled Time away,
The Cock his night-Clock, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chiefe Sun-Diall, was the Sun.
Hee was of old *Pitthagoras* opinion;
That green cheere was most wholsom (with an o-
Course Mesele in Bread, and for his daily swigg,
Milke, Butter-milke, and Water, Whay, and Whigg;
Sometimes Metherlin, and by fortune happie,
He sometimes sip'd a Cup of Ale most happie;
Syder, or Perry, when hee did repaire
T'a Whifson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,
Or when in Christmas time he was a Guest
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest.
Else hee had little leasure Time to waste,
Or (at the Ale-house) huffe-cap Ale to taste;
Nor did hee ever buy a Taverne Fox,
Ne're knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox.
His Philicke was good Butter, which the foyle
Of *Salop* yeelds, more sweet than Candy oyle,
And Garlick hee esteem'd above the rate
Of *Venice-Triacle*, or best *Mithridate*.
Hee entertain'd no Gout, no Ache he felt,
The ayre was good, and temp'rat where he dwelt,
Whilst

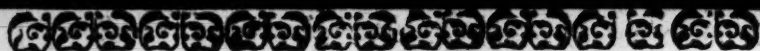
The Life of Thomas Parr.

Whilst *Mavis*, and sweet tongu'd *Nightingales*
Did chant him *Roundelayes*, and *Madigals*.
Thus living within bounds of *Natures Lawes*,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.
For though th'almighty all mans daies do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans dayes and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tollerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grand-father, and his Great grand-father,
Had their lives threds so long a length been spun,
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten *Chronicles*, and by
Tradition shew *Times mutability*.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-fire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward the Confessor*,
(*Harrold*) and *William Conq'rour* his successor;
How his Son *Robert* wan *Ierusalem*,
Ore-came the *Sarazens*, and Conquer'd them:
How *Rufin* raign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Steuern* this Kingdome vex:
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* daughter)
To gaine her Right, fill'd *England* full of slaughter:

D

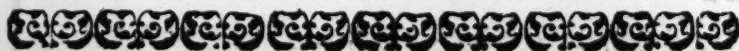
Of



The very Old Man: or

Of second *Henry's Rosamond* the faire,
Of *Richard Cœur-de-lyon*, his brave heire,
King *Iohn*, and of the foule suspicion
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.
Of the third *Henries* long raigne (sixty yeares)
The Barons wars, the losse of wrangling Peeres,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots & French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his haples son their Prince.
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.
How the third *Edward*, fifty yeares did raigne,
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordaine.
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realme with civill (most uncivill) war
Twixt long contending *Torke* and *Lancaster*.
How the fift *Henry* swayd, and how his son
Sixt *Henry*, a sad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and faire Mistrisse *Shore*,
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Hastings* (——)
Then how fift *Edward*, murdered with a trick
Of the third *Richard*, and then how that *Dick*
Was by seventh *Henries* slaine at *Bosworth* field;
How he and's son th'eighth *Henry*, here did wield

The

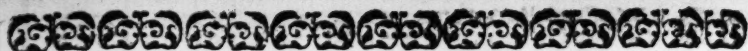




The Life of Thomas Parr.

The Scepter; how sixt *Edward* swayd,
 How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royall Mayd
Elizabeth did Governe (best of Dames)
 And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*
 (Another *Phenix*) from her Ashes claimes
 The right of *Britaines* Scepter, as his owne,
 But (changing for a better) left the Crowne
 Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
 With him, and his most blest Posterity
 Till time shall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
 And after with Eternity be crown'd. (ding)
 Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without rea-
 Hee from his sire, and Grand sires sire proceeding,
 By word of mouth might tell most famous things
 Done in the Raigns of all those Queens and Kings.
 But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,
 And nere did taste the *Helliconian* cup,
 He nere knew History, nor in mind did keepe
 Ought, but the price of Corne, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.
 Day found him work, and Night allowd him rest.
 Nor did Affaires of Stae his Braine molest.
 His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,
 Or at the furthest to a May-poles top, *wool to wool*
 His Recreation, and his Mirths discourse.





The very Old Man : or

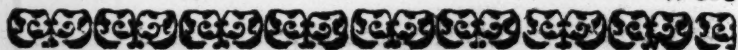
Hath been the *Pyper*, and the *Hobby-horse*.
 And in this simple sort, hee hath with paine,
 From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe.
 'Tis strange, a man that is, in yeares so growne
 Should not be rich, but to the world 'tis knowne,
 That hee that's borne in any Land, or Nation,
 Under a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination,
 (By working of that Planets influence)
 Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence.
 Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)
 Hee's rich enough to be (like mee) a Poet.

But ere I doe conclude, I will relate
 Of reverend Age's Honourable state;
 Where shall a young man good Instructions have,
 But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?

Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to *Solomon*)
 Rejecting ancient Counsell, was undone
 Almost; for ten of twelve Tribes fell
 To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel*.

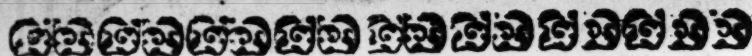
And all wise Princes, and great Potentates
 Select and chuse Old men, as Magistrates,
 Whose Wisedome, and whose reverend Aspect,
 Knowes how and when to punish or protect.
 The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood,

Were



The Life of Thomas Parr.

Were given them (as 'tis rightly understood)
To store and multiply by procreations,
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.
That th' Ancients their Posterities might show
The secrets Deepe, of Nature how to know
To scale the skie with learn'd *Astronomy*,
And found the *Oceans* deepe profundity;
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey
God, who made them out of slime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not sustaine the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,
Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old man might see before he dy'd,
That his owne only off-spring had supply'd
And Peopled Kingdomes.
But now so brittle's the estate of man,
That (in Comparifon) his life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plaine,
That many did a longer life retaine,
Than him I write of; for *Arpachshad* liv'd
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty foure.



The very Old Man : or

Two hundred yeares *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.
Before *Iob's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,
And after his restoring, 'tis most cleare,
That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.

Iohn Buttadeus (if report be true)

Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandring Iew*,

'Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye; and how

He was a man then, and is living now;

Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade;

But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.

Vpon a *Germanes* Age, 'tis written thus,

That one *Iohannes de Temporibus*

Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne*,

And that unto the age he did attaine

Of yeares three hundred sixty one, and then

Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.

And Noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,

Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.

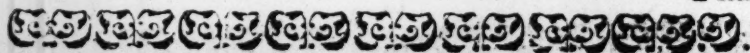
Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (a most learned Knight)

Doth of an *Irish* Countesse, *Desmond* write,

Of seven score yeares of Age, he with her spake:

The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make

That



The Life of Thomas Parr.

That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* raigne,
Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came a-
The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde-Irish* are (gaine.
Long liv'd with Labour, hard, and temperate fare.
Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong
And lusty, neere two hundred winters long?
So as I said before my Verse now sayes
By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.
Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britane* hath out gone;
All those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and doe repley,
I will be sorry, and confesse I lye.
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Gusts and stormes
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms,
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,
And trusted much in hope great gaine to win.
And late and early striv'd to get or save
His Gray head long ere now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Iudge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of Great Counsell in Affaires of state

Then

I be very Old Man: or

Then dayes important businesse, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haire:
But as I writ before, no cares oppress him,
Nor ever did Affaires of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninty seven yeares since
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)
Th'yeare fiftene hundred fourty wanting twalve;
And in the thirtieth yeare of that Kings raigne;
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man,
Neere sixty ere the Register began.
I have writ as much as Reason can require,
How Times did passe, how's Leases did expire;
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate
T'our gracious King by their Certificate (him;
His age, & how time wth gray haire hath crown'd
And so I leave him older than I found him.

FIN IS.

